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## What is the Gain?

What is the gain?  
If one should run a noble race,  
And at the last, with weary pace,  
Win to the goal, and find his years  
A harvest field of waste and tears,  
Of turmoil and of restless strife,  
Rich with dead hopes and better dust,  
And strife and death and ceaseless pain,  
What is the gain?  
When, having reached a small height,  
Through barren sweeps of gloomy night,  
Hoping to see beyond the crest  
Fair lands of beauty and of rest,  
There lies before, stretched far away  
Unto the confines of the day  
A desolate and shadowless plain,  
What is the gain?  
To sail for months of cold and toil  
Across wide seas, where winds recoil,  
Only to gather strength and roar  
A louder challenge than before,  
And end, when through fog thick and dim  
The rocky coast of storm-wind main,  
No haven from the storm-wind main,  
What is the gain?

The race is won, we see the light,  
We conquer where the storm-wind fight,  
We show the way to those who wait  
With faint hearts by the walls of fate;  
Our banners flutter in the van  
Of battles fought for thought and man,  
And ignorance and darkness wane,  
This is the gain.

## A WIDOW'S PROPOSALS;

Or, Testing a Lover Worth Having.

CHAPTER I.

"My dear Mrs. Hartley, what can I say more to convince you of the truth?"

"Nothing, Mr. Roberts. I am not a girl now, but a woman of thirty."

"Surely not. You don't look twenty five."

Mrs. Hartley's eyes opened a little more widely, and she gave Frank Roberts so searching a look that he saw that he had made a mistake, and hastened to try and recover lost ground.

"You doubt me again," he whispered. "I tell you that in my eyes you do not seem to be twenty-five. Mrs. Hartley—Julia—why are you so hard upon the man who loves you with all his heart?"

"Because I am a widow, Mr. Roberts, and trouble has made me hard and worldly."

"Yes, because you were married to a man who could not appreciate your worth, and who did not do his duty by you."

"Suppose I say no more about my late husband, Mr. Roberts," said the lady, coldly. "Mr. Hartley was a just man, even if he was stern."

"Yes, yes, of course," said the other. "Oh, what an unkindly wretch I am. Here am I trying to advance my cause, I came to the picnic for a purpose; I have implored you to listen to me, and here I am constantly saying things you don't like, and making myself stand lower in your favor than I did a month ago."

"Nonsense, Mr. Roberts," said the lady, smiling, and her face wore a very winning expression as she spoke. "Why cannot we remain as we have been before? Why, should I, as I have been before, should I marry again?"

"Why?" he whispered, passionately, and certainly Frank Roberts just then looked very manly and handsome as he pleaded his cause with the fair widow.

"Why?" he whispered, bending toward her. "as a duty to a woman—to make him happy who loves you with all his heart and soul. Oh, Julia, be merciful to me when I plead to you like this, when—Oh, Heaven! this is too bad. You are laughing."

"Guiltily, Mr. Roberts," said the widow; "but help me to help me. I find you talking to me like a hero in a story. I can only think it droll, and of course I laugh."

"If I did not know you to be all that is tender and lovable and good," he cried, "I should think your heart was of stone."

"Now you are trying the complimentary tact, Mr. Roberts, and you know what I said about my age. Please do remember that I am not a young girl."

"I remember nothing but that I love you passionately," he cried, "and that I would do anything, even to plunging into any river, if it would make you happy."

"And pray how could you do such a silly thing as jumping into the water and getting muddy and wet make me happy?" she asked, merrily.

"You would be happier if I were dead," he cried, tragically.

natured, scandalous remarks make me feel uncomfortable. Now, Mr. Roberts, will you give me your arm, or shall I walk back alone?"

"My arm—my hand—my heart!" he exclaimed, passionately. "Oh, Julia!" she cried, flushing with impatience, "didn't I tell you that I was horribly hungry? Goodness, we had just made a bargain that you were not to talk any more stuff. There goes Miss Rollton, young, sanguine and fascinating, waiting for a cavalier. Go and talk to her. She'll enjoy things that only worry me. Why, what a silly man you are to want to marry an elderly widow, instead of some nice, bright young girl."

Frank Roberts, the handsome man in the large party, heaved a deep sigh, and offering his arm led the lady back to where beneath the umbrageous trees the substantial cold collation was rapidly being spread, and soon after Mrs. Hartley was seated upon an overcast, and into a cushion, and dining with excellent appetite off the various viands of the feast.

CHAPTER II.

The scene of the above mentioned conversation was a pleasant green path in extensive grounds on the banks of the river Thames at Cookham. The place was dotted with well-dressed people, forming atoms in the whole of the great picnic being held on as lovely a June day as ever added beauty to that charming portion of our national river.

It might have been supposed that upon such a day happiness would have reigned supreme; but it was not so, for several members of the party were not in the best of tempers.

For instance, Mrs. Hartley, beneath her pleasant smile, felt anything but content. More than that, she was rather bored. The protestations of Frank Roberts troubled her. She liked him well enough, but she had her doubts of his stability and sincerity had planted itself firmly in her mind to the effect that he cared more for the handsome sum of money left unconditionally to her by her late husband than he did for her handsome face and thoroughly honest heart.

Then, too, Mr. Frank Roberts, after contriving his opportunity to make a declaration, had been so disabused by the result that he had gone aside, after placing his innamorata in a good place, to obtain a glass of lemonade, and swore at the attendant for not putting in more sugar.

Doubtless there were other discontented swains and ladies, but with them we have nothing to do, but will turn at once to a couple who were strolling slowly by the river's brink; an elderly man with bent shoulders and white hair, and one about middle age, slightly grizzled, and with a massive head and thoughtful face, that would have been pleated by his magnificent gray eyes.

"Hah!" said the elder, in a sour tone of voice, "some men do make fools of themselves; and how can you be such an idiot, Morris, as to let that showy butterfly of a fellow carry off a really clever little woman from under your nose? I can't think I always fancied you loved her."

"So I do, doctor, with all my heart," "Then, hang it, man, marry her."

"What, and make her unhappy, doctor? No, I love her too well for that."

"She'll be no nonsense, doctor. She cares for Roberts. Look at them yonder. Why should I interfere?"

"Because it isn't right, and I don't like it. That fellow Roberts is a scoundrel, I'm sure; and all he wants is the widow's money; and as soon as he had got that, he would break her heart. Hang it, man, go and cut him out. Go and propose."

"I did, doctor."

"Well?"

"She bade me wait; asked for time. I esteemed her delicacy, and have waited."

"Well, I'm sorry—the old doctor. Hang it, man, she's a long time. Hartley was a very old friend of mine, and in his last illness he said to me: 'Of course, it's natural that my dear young wife should some day want to marry again. Watch over her, doctor, and see if you can that she does not become the prey of a scoundrel.' 'The young money up tight,' I said to him. 'No, doctor,' he said, 'I love her too well to insult her like that. God bless her—I've every confidence in her. She shall do as she pleases, and I thank her for bearing so long with the whims and caprices of an old husband.' Ha! it's a strange world."

Luke Morris nodded his head and joined the party at dinner, where he tried to cast off his gloom, and fatigues, and threw him near the pretty widow, who was quiet and polite to her, almost to the point of reserve; but through all she could read a chivalrous respect to her feelings, and she knew that she had seen her interview that morning with Roberts.

Directly after dinner the doctor came up smiling and asked Mrs. Hartley if she would take a stroll with him. She agreed with alacrity, telling herself that she would then be free of lovers; and they went down to the river's side, where, in the course of a long conversation, the doctor turned it into a series of remarks concerning the early life of the late Mr. Hartley.

"As good and true-hearted a man as ever I knew," said the doctor.

"He was, indeed," said the widow, and she went away a very genuine tear. "I esteemed him as much as any man I ever knew, for I think he tried hard atone for the past."

"Atone for the past, doctor?" said the widow, wonderingly.

"Ye es! The way he got his money, you know."

he said, taking another pinch. "No body knows it down here, but Hartley used to keep—"

He leaned forward and whispered something in her ear.

"Oh, doctor?" she cried, turning pale and then bursting into tears. "What have you done? I could never be happy again if I kept that money. Oh, how dreadful!"

"Hush, hush, my dear child; what are you talking about? What nonsense. It wasn't my fault."

"No, indeed?" she said. "But sooner than keep money got in that manner I'd go and perform the most menial duties."

"But you don't mean to say you would give it up?" he said.

"Give it up? Every penny, doctor," she said, with her eyes flashing and cheeks flaming. "I could not keep a shilling. I could not do it, and—Yes, Mr. Roberts. Thanks, not now; I would rather sit here for a while; or, no, I will go for a walk with you, if you will have me," and darting a sorrowful, half-angry look at the doctor, she rose, took Frank Roberts' arm and they strolled away.

"How lovely the country is," said Roberts, before they had gone far.

"Delightful!" she replied, dreamily. "I could live here forever with a sympathizing heart," he said, with a slight smile.

"That sounds a long time, Mr. Roberts," she said, quickly.

"Oh, no," he cried, "not with you. The days would glide by like a dream of bliss."

"And what about the years, Mr. Roberts, when I had grown old and plain? You forget that I am your senior, and that I am not a girl of twenty."

"I forget nothing, and yet I know nothing," he exclaimed, "only that you are the only woman I could love, and that I love you with all my heart."

"Indeed?" she said, laughing.

"Why, what can there be in me—a poor, penniless widow of thirty, to attract so handsome and young a man as you?"

"Mocking again," he said, appealingly. "How you love to torture me, Julia."

"Excuse me, Mr. Roberts; I am Julia only to my nearest and dearest friends, when I have no mockers. What I said was the simple sober truth."

"What! that you are a poor, penniless widow?" he said, laughing.

"Yes," she said. "From this day forth a little annuity of eighty pounds a year is all I have on which to live."

"You are joking with me, Mrs. Hartley," he said, laughing; "but why do you tell me all this? What do you suppose I care about whether you are rich or poor? To me you will always be rich in every virtue, and now once more listen to my prayer."

"Thank you, and bless you," he exclaimed. "It is you only that I love."

"Under these circumstances, then, I have concluded, as I am poor and the handsome income I have enjoyed goes from me at once, that it would be unjust to you to accept your generous offer to make me your wife. We will remain friends then, Mr. Roberts, but that's all."

"Do understand you aright?" he exclaimed.

"Perfectly," she replied.

"My dear Mrs. Hartley," he said "a picnic party of pleasure seems an ill-chosen time for speaking to you, but these are matters of such urgent import in our lives that we are compelled to seize every opportunity for saying what perhaps may prove distasteful things."

"Yes—of course—exactly," she stammered.

"There," he said, turning upon her a grave, kindly smile, "I meant to speak to you in plain and simple words, and I find myself, old as I am, as agitated as some young man. I will try and be plain."

"Yes," she said, quickly, "please," and her breath came shorter in her agitation.

"I have just learned some very serious news."

"Indeed?" she said, her voice shaking in spite of herself.

"Yes. I have learned from two sources that your late husband's fortune leaves you at once, and that you will be almost penniless. Is it true?"

"Yes," she said, "quite; and you have come to say that I was not to think anything more of what you asked me a short time ago."

He looked at her half surprised, half hurt, and then smiled sadly.

"May I ask you one question?" he said.

"Yes," she replied, in a quick, sharp, agitated way.

"I will plain one, but my happiness depends upon your reply, and I ask you boldly, have you promised your hand to Mr. Roberts?"

"No!" she cried, with her eyes flashing scorn, "nor to any such mercenary creature."

"Then there is hope for me, Julia," he said, in a low, deep voice. "A month past I felt that it was presumptuous to ask you, and that my sentiments might be misjudged. It is still presumption on my part, but I cannot be charged with sordid motives now, and I am glad that the money I looked upon as an obstacle is no longer there. I cannot offer you a home, but I will try and make that home rich, Julia, with the devotion of a life."

She panted and trembled and tried to speak, but her emotion choked her, and so overcome was she by the different way in which matters had turned, that in spite of her strength of mind, she broke into a passionate burst of hysterical weeping, and unresistingly sobbed herself calm upon his breast.

Luke Morris blessed the thick clumps of bushes that hid them from the rest of the company, and he blessed the day—year is all I have on which to live."

"You are joking with me, Mrs. Hartley," he said, laughing; "but why do you tell me all this? What do you suppose I care about whether you are rich or poor? To me you will always be rich in every virtue, and now once more listen to my prayer."

"Thank you, and bless you," he exclaimed. "It is you only that I love."

"Under these circumstances, then, I have concluded, as I am poor and the handsome income I have enjoyed goes from me at once, that it would be unjust to you to accept your generous offer to make me your wife. We will remain friends then, Mr. Roberts, but that's all."

"Do understand you aright?" he exclaimed.

"Perfectly," she replied.

"I shall try and bear it," he said, in a resigned tone of voice; "but never while this heart beats shall I cease to love you or to pray for your welfare, dearest Mrs. Hartley."

"Thank you, Mr. Roberts," she said, quietly; and somehow, instead of their steps taking them farther from the company, they began to approach them rapidly, joining a group of ladies, and in a few minutes Mrs. Hartley was without a cavalier.

## A Rolling Lake.

Professor Henry A. Ward, formerly of the University of Rochester, N. Y., is writing letters touching his travels in New Zealand, some of which detail singular experiences. In his last he says: "I came from Auckland by steamer south for 125 miles along the east coast to the town of Tangahau. I hired a twenty-ton cutter and started to visit the sea volcano. We sailed at night and at daybreak we had before us a great mountain of black scoria, 830 feet high, from the top of which, with much force, went white clouds of vapor to a height of 2,000 feet. Reaching the shore it was not easy traveling, for in places the black pebbles of the beach were a' stir with water boiling up through the sand—water so hot that a misstep might scald the foot seriously. At this point the crater wall has been broken down by the sea level and we could look into the great hollow island. The crater is circular, a full mile in diameter, and hemmed in by walls many hundred feet high and very precipitous. The crater floor was an uneven plain of volcanic ash and scoria, with many little fumaroles or blow holes, through which hot sulphur vapors came wheezing out, while every few minutes there was beneath our feet a smart trembling and a low, dull rolling roar. The smoke of vapor began to thicken as we went along and we soon found the cause. We were stopped about a quarter of eight, and the steaming water, quite filling this end of the crater, and being, as we could see when the clouds lifted, nearly half a mile from either side. The water was too hot to comfortably bear the hand in it, and was further insupportable to either touch or taste by a strong infection of alum and sulphuric acid which bit painfully at any scratch or sore upon our skin. On the further border of the lake and half around its shore was a row of the most violent solifataras I have ever seen. They had built for themselves little pillar-like cones from ten to fifteen feet high, and of sand or two in diameter at its base, and through these open chimneys they were trumpeting steam and roaring sulphuric gases with a violence that was frightful to contemplate, and such demoniacal screeching and din as afflicted our ears, even as the long distance where we stood. We disengaged ourselves from the lake and the floor and launched it upon the boiling lake. The water of the lake was of a milky opaque cast, but we could feel with our oars that it was in most places not over ten feet deep. Lines upon the shore showed that it daily rose and fell slightly with the tide, but was constant in many spots the water was boiling furiously, with so much froth and foam, while still its heat was much below the boiling point of 212 Fahrenheit. These were dangerous places, the abundant air in the water diminished materially its buoyancy, and alarmed us by low in crossing them. We landed near the lake at one of the solifataras nearest to the beach and proceeded to demolish it with our oars. It was a chimney about two feet in diameter, clay without, and within it was lined with crystals of sulphur of a beautiful straw-yellow, and the hot steam came out in many spots in the top of this chimney the fragments would first fall down its throat and then come flying out into the air, with explosions that were amusingly like a prolonged stentorian cough."

"How Easy It is to Die."

"If I had strength to hold a pen, I would write how easy and delightful it is to die," were the last words of the celebrated surgeon, William Hunter; and Louis XIV. is recorded as saying, with his last breath, "I thought dying had become a matter of course."

"That the painlessness of death is owing to some benumbing influence acting on the sensory nerves may be inferred from the fact that untoward external surroundings rarely trouble the dying."

"On the day that Lord Collingwood breathed his last the Mediterranean was tumultuous; those elements which rose and fell in swelling undulations and seemed as if rocking him to sleep. Captain Thomas ventured to ask if he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship. 'No, Thomas,' he answered, 'I am now in a state that nothing can disturb me more—I am dying, and I am sure it must be consolatory to you and all that love me to see how comfortably I am coming to my end.'

"In the Quarterly Review there is related an instance of a criminal who escaped death from hanging by the breaking of the rope. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to examine him, who reported that after a moment's suffering the man saw an appearance like fire, across which appeared a most beautiful avenue of trees. When a pardon was mentioned the prisoner coolly replied that it was not worth asking for. Those who have been near death from drowning, and afterwards restored to consciousness, assert that the dying suffer but little pain."

Captain Marratt states that his sensations at one time when nearly drowned were rather pleasant than otherwise. "The first rapture for life once over, the water closing around me as a shield of appearance of waving green fields, it is not a feeling of pain, but seems like sinking down overpowered by sleep, in the long, soft grass of the cool meadow."

Now, this is precisely the condition presented in death from disease. Insensibility comes on, the mind loses consciousness of external objects, and death rapidly and placidly ensues from asphyxia."

A Tied Wrist.

Boys are too often cured of bad judgment by a melancholy example, or by suffering for it themselves. The Meridian (Wis.) Leader relates a sad and fatal accident that will suggest carefulness to all who read it.

George Ives, a boy twelve years old, started to ride on a of his father's horses to water with the halter fastened around his wrist. The horse ran away with him, throwing him off, and dragging him on the ground and among the stumps, crushing his head and one arm almost to a jelly. He was alive when picked up, but died in a few minutes.

Heavy Gambling.

"What is the biggest winnings you ever knew of?" I asked of an experienced New Yorker.

"I have heard many fabulous stories," said he, "but I will speak only of what I know. I saw Ben Wood, former proprietor of the Daily News, one night at a game of faro. He made up of gamblers, win \$125,000. He borrowed \$2,500 from Judge McCann to begin on, and he went away with every pocket stuffed with checks and bills. The cigar seller in the gambling rooms told me that Wood that night smoked \$70 worth of cigars."

"That is impossible," said the other, "and in about two minutes he would take a fresh one."—Correspondent St. Louis Republican.

## THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Chloride of Lime.

Le Cultivateur, a French journal, says that if chloride of lime be spread on the soil or near plants, insects and vermin will not be found near them, and also: By its means plants very easily be protected from insect plagues by simply brushing over their stems with a solution of it. It has often been noticed that a patch of land which has been treated in this way remains religiously respected by grubs, while the unprotected beds around are literally devastated. Fruit trees may be guarded from the attacks of grubs by attaching to their trunks pieces of tow smeared with a mixture of hog's lard, and ants and grubs already in possession will rapidly vacate their position. Butterflies, again, will avoid all plants whose leaves have been sprinkled over with lime water.

Grafting the Grape.

The past twenty years I have grafted and propagated many thousands of grapevines in my greenhouse and in the field; having almost every month in the year, and I find April or May the best time, or when the buds are just bursting or pushing; then no sap will trouble or drown out the graft, as is the case when the grafting is done in the fall or early spring, as heretofore recommended. Such grafting will most surely prove a failure. I use no wax; clay is much better; but the scions must be kept back. Graft below ground on young, thrifty plants. No good grafter would ever think of grafting old snags or old trees that ought to be cut down; and so with old vines that have been neglected and not renewed for years, better than old snags, and it is time lost to try to improve such self-exhausted and worn-out plants. Nor can grafting be done by every one without experience. No grafter is always successful in grafting the apple or pear, much less in grafting the grape, as it is quite a different process, although very simple to one who knows how.—Canada Farmer.

Liberal Use of Manure.

J. Bridgeman, of the Elmira Farmers' club, illustrates the value of the liberal application of barnyard manure by the following story: A story of my early observation comes to my mind. When I was eighteen years old my father was going away from the farm for a few days, and he gave me a task to perform in his absence. It was to draw out manure to a lot assigned. I had a young associate, Perry Stowell, to help me, but neither of us knew how closely the loads should be placed, so we drew seventy-five loads with a yoke of three-year-old steers and one horse on our team, and when we had finished it was found that we had put all those big loads on an acre and a half. That was more than thirty years ago, but the ground that was dressed so heavily has in all that time never forgotten the application. If I plow it for grain I get a crop and the very fact of raising big crops implies more refuse matter to decay in the soil and so maintain fertility in the first place imparted, in this case, by the seventy-five loads of manure. There is always a stiffer soil, stronger growth on that land, making it worth enough more to pay for what at the time was considered wasteful use of the manure.

American Sheep.

It is a reproach to the farmers of America that we are compelled to import much of the wool with which to make our necessary wearing apparel. We want more and better sheep than we have ever had before, and instead of this being a market for foreign wool the current should be turned the other way. The best we can do, however, it will be a long time before we can spare any of our wool in foreign markets, and, indeed, we may feel proud when our production is sufficient to fairly meet the home demand, which it must be remembering is being very materially augmented by emigration to our shores, while upon the other hand there is a corresponding decrease in the demand in the countries from which these emigrants come, owing to the same cause. One obstacle to a more general sheep-raising has been the seemingly depressed condition of the wool market for many years. In view of the fact, however, that the losses of sheep during the last winter were greater than of any other kind of stock, the gradually strengthening demand at the present time would seem to warrant the general belief that stockmasters will not have to accept mean compensation for their labor.—Drovers' Journal.

Recipes.

SPICED APPLE TALES.—Rub sweetened tart apples through a sieve; sweeten and flavor with mace or cinnamon; line soup plates with a crust, fill with the apple and lay bars of crust a quarter of an inch wide over the top of the tart. Bake till the crust is done.

PLAIN PUDDING.—Here is a recipe for a good and simple pudding: One pint of flour, half a cup of sugar, three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, one tablespoonful of butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Bake for twenty minutes; serve with any good pudding sauce.

TOMATO SOUP.—To one quart of water add eight large tomatoes; cut them in small pieces, boil for twenty minutes; then put in half a teaspoonful of soda; let it boil a few minutes more, then add about a pint of sweet milk; season as you will with oysters; bread crumbs, sage, barley or rice may be added.

RICE FRUIT PUDDING.—One large tea cup rice, a little warm water to cook it partly; dry; line an earthen basin with the rice; fill up with quartered apple or any fruit you choose. Cover with rice; tie a cloth over the top and steam one hour; to be eaten with sweet sauce. Do not butter the dish.

## Mowing.

Into the fields both young and old  
With gay hearts went;  
The pleasant fields, all green and gold,  
All flowers and scent.

And first among them old man Mack,  
With his two grandsons, Harry and Jack—  
Two eager boys whose feet kept time  
A restless fashion to the hymns,  
Sharpen the scythe and bend the back,  
Swing the arm for an even track;  
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass  
Straight and clean must the mower pass.

There are tasks that boys must learn, not found  
In any book—  
Tasks on the harvest and haying ground,  
By wood and brook.  
When I was young but few could bring  
Into the field a blander swing.  
But you must make my place to-day,  
Cut the grass and scatter the hay.

So sharpen the scythe and bend the back,  
Swing the arm for an even track;  
Through daisy blooms and nodding grass  
Straight and clean must the mower pass.  
—Harper's Young People.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

How is it that the dresses ladies want to wear out are mostly wool indoors?—*Wit and Wisdom.*

The milkman evidently looks upon his battered quart as a measure of economy.—*Boston Transcript.*

A morning paper remarks facetiously that "No man likes better to meet his customers than the butcher. Vice versa, it may be remarked that there are lots of customers who don't like to meet their butchers."—*Louisville Courier Journal.*

A Chicago woman caught a burglar prowling around in her back yard one night and threw him over a high fence. This seems to confirm the theory that American women are growing stout.—*Cincinnati Saturday Night.*

A Leadville man in one week was attacked and scratched by a catamount, hurt by an explosion, and a boilder roll down on him and stove in two ribs, and was kicked by a mule. And a local editor remarked that he had "been somewhat annoyed by circumstances lately."

"Bill! hey Bill! yer daddy wants you!" "What does he want with me?" roars Bill, waist deep in the river. "Gee, he wants to make ye a nice cane," hooted Jack; "he's trimmin' off a hickory stick about three foot long." Bill, merely remarking that he is not lame and does not need a cane to swim with, strikes out for a sand island about a hundred yards from the Burlington shore.—*Harbinger.*

The Newspaper in a Farmhouse.

People who live near the great thoroughfares, where they have access to two or three dailies and a half dozen weeklies, do not fully appreciate the value of a newspaper. They come, indeed, to look upon them as necessities, and they would as cheerfully do without their morning meal as their morning mail. But one who has far off in the country, remote from "the mad-making crowd," to realize the full luxury of a newspaper. The farmer who receives but one paper a week does not glance over its columns hurriedly, with an air of impatience, as does your merchant or lawyer. He begins with the beginning and reads to the close, not permitting a new item or an advertisement to escape his eye. Then it has to be thumbed by every member of the family, each one looking for things in which he or she is most interested. The grown-up daughter looks for the marriage notices, and is delighted if the editor has treated them to a good story. The son who is just about to engage in farming, with an enthusiasm that will carry him far in advance of his father, reads all the crop reports and has a keen eye for hints about improved modes of culture. The younger members of the family come in for the amusing anecdotes and scraps of fun. All look forward to the day that shall bring the paper with the liveliest interest, and if by some unlucky chance it fails to come it is a bitter disappointment. One can hardly estimate the amount of information which a paper that is not only read but studied can carry into a family. They have, week by week, spread before their mental vision a panorama of the busy world, its fluctuations and its concerns. It is the poor man's library, and furnishes as much mental food as he has time to consume and digest. No one who has observed how much those who are far away from the places where men most congregate value their weekly paper can fail to join in invoking a blessing on the inventor of this means of intellectual enjoyment.—*Cedar Rapids Republican.*

How to Eat a Watermelon.

Instruction in eating watermelon is given by the Baltimore *American*, which should be good authority, as it is published in the melon region. The hotel plan of cutting a watermelon like a turp, and putting a lump of ice in it, is condemned, because ice should never touch the pulp; but a burial of the uncut melon in ice for two days is wise. Then cut lengthwise and eat between meals. People do not usually eat this fruit sometimes by eating a hearty dinner first, and then topping off with a melon, and then if a moral earthquake sets up in the interior they charge it to the melon. The watermelon was introduced as an episode—an interlude—a romance without words—a nocturne in green and red—not to be mingled with bacon and greens. Its indulgence leaves a certain epigastrical expansion, but this is painless and evanescent. The remedy is to loosen the waistband and—take another slice.